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MR. GRAY'S

POEMS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd in accents dréud,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead!

Publiſhed as the Act directs 15 Aug.t 1776

POEMS

BY

MR. GRAY.

A NEW EDITION.

I. Walker del. *J. Taylor sculp.*

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CONTENTS.

Page

A short account of the Life and Writings of Mr Gray, 5

Ode on the Spring, 19

Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, 27

Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College, 33

Ode to Adversity, 43

The Progress of Poesy. A Pindaric Ode, 49

The Bard. A Pindaric Ode, 63

Ode for Music, 81

The Fatal Sisters. An Ode, 93

The Descent of Odin. An Ode, 103

The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment, 115

Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, 119

Stanzas on the Death of Mr Richard West, 125

Epitaph I. on Mrs Clarke, 131

Epitaph II. on Sir William Williams, 133

Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard, 135

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

CONTENTS.

	Page
A ſhort account of the Life and Writings of Mr Gray,	5
Ode on the Spring,	19
Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat,	27
Ode on a diſtant proſpect of Eton College,	33
Ode to Adverſity,	43
The Progreſs of Poeſy. A Pindaric Ode,	49
The Bard. A Pindaric Ode,	63
Ode for Muſic,	81
The Fatal Siſters. An Ode,	93
The Deſcent of Odin. An Ode,	103
The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment,	113
Ode on the Death of Hoel,	119
Sonnet on the Death of Mr Richard Weſt,	125
Epitaph I. on Mrs Clarke,	131
Epitaph II. on Sir William Williams,	133
Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard,	135

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MR GRAY.

MR THOMAS GRAY, the ſubject of this memoir, was born in Cornhill, the twenty-ſixth day of December 1716. His grandfather had been a conſiderable

A

ſiderable merchant; but his father, Mr Philip Gray, exerciſed the trade of a money-ſcrivener; and, being of an indolent diſpoſition, he did not add to his paternal fortune. He neglected not, however, the education of his ſon, whom he ſent to Eton ſchool; where he contracted an intimacy with Mr Horace Walpole, who is at preſent ſo diſtinguiſhed in the republic of letters, and with Mr Richard Weſt, a young gentleman of uncommon ability, whoſe father was Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

From Eton Mr Gray, in the year 1734, removed to Cambridge, and was admitted a penſioner of St Peter's college. Mr Weſt went to ſtudy in Chriſt-Church college at Oxford; and theſe ingenious

ingenious friends now commenced an epiſtolary correſpondence, which, though not unworthy of their years, and of the hopes conceived of them, they little imagined was, one day, to be laid before the public.

They were not long in their reſpective univerſities, when they turned their attention to the ſtudy of the law. For, with that view, they found themſelves in London in the year 1738. Mr Weſt took chambers in the Inner Temple. But Mr Gray being invited by Mr Walpole to accompany him in his travels, delayed, for a time, his application to a ſcience, which, ſurely, did not ſuit either his temper or his genius.

The improvement he received from viſiting France and Italy was doubtleſs very great. But the pleaſure ariſing from his travels, was painfully interrupted by the diſagreement which aroſe between him and Mr Walpole. Their diſpoſitions were different. The penſive and philoſophical turn of the former, did not well agree with the gaiety and livelineſs of the latter. They had ſet out in the end of the year 1739, and they parted at Reggio in the 1741. Many years, however, did not paſs till a reconciliation was produced between them, by the intervention and offices of a lady, who had a friendſhip for both.

On Mr Gray's return to London *,

* September 1741.

he

he found his father altogether waſted with the ſevere attacks of the gout, to which he had long been ſubject. Two months after, he loſt him, and ſucceeded to a ſcanty patrimony. The intention he had formed, of ſtudying the law as a profeſſion, began now to be ſhaken. But his friends urging him to maintain his original purpoſe, and the delicacy of his nature inducing him not to give them uneaſineſs, by too ſudden a declaration of the ſtate of his mind, he went to Cambridge, and took his Bachelor's degree in the Civil Law. The time he had paſſed in his travels, the intenſe labour required by the ſtudy of the Common Law, and, above all, the narrowneſs of his fortune, eſtranged him from a deſign, which perhaps he

he had never entertained with affection or ardour; and the anxiety excited by this undecisiveness as to the scheme of life he should follow, was now embittered by the sickness of Mr West, who had some time languished in a consumption, and who, in June 1742, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, fell an unsuspecting victim to this distemper.

A short time before this cruel event, Mr Gray had gone to visit his mother, in her retirement at Stoke, near Windsor, where he wrote his beautiful Ode on the Spring. And it is not impossible, but a presage of what was to happen, occasioned the interesting melancholy which reigns in it. His regrets

grets it is eaſier to conceive than to deſcribe; and they ſeem immediately to have given birth to a very tender ſonnet in Engliſh, in the manner of Petrarque, and to a noble apoſtrophe in Latin, which he intended as the introduction to one of his books, *De principiis cogitandi* *. It is alſo worthy of obſervation, that within three months after Mr Weſt's death, he appears to have compoſed the Ode on a diſtant proſpect of Eton College, and the Hymn to Adverſity. Nor is it to be doubted, that his ſorrow for his beloved friend gave a tone to theſe delightful poems; and the reader of ſenſibility, who peruſes them under this impreſſion, will find an additional charm in them.

* See his memoirs by Mr Maſon.

The

The genius of Mr Gray, which was averſe from the mechaniſm and toil of buſineſs, joined to his paſſion for ſtudy and literature, inclined him to live at Cambridge, where he had free acceſs to many valuable libraries. From the winter of the year 1742, to the end of his life, it was the ſeat of his reſidence; and he was ſeldom abſent from it, except on occaſional viſits to his mother, and during that period *, when, on the opening of the Britiſh Muſeum, he took lodgings in Southampton Row, for the purpoſe of examining, and extracting from, the Harleian and other manuſcripts.

It was not till the year 1756, that

* Between the years 1759 and 1762.

he

he put the laſt hand to his much celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-yard. Mr Walpole, who was infinitely delighted with it, communicated it in manuſcript to many perſons of diſtinction, who failed not to feel for and to beſtow on the author the admiration and applauſe he ſo juſtly merited. In this polite and faſhionable circle was Lady Cobham, who wiſhing much to be acquainted with Mr Gray, procured this pleaſure, by the means of her relation Miſs Speed, and of Lady Schaub. The hiſtory of this incident, the circumſtances of which were ſomewhat peculiar, he has thrown into a ballad, intitled, *A True Story*. Of this piece the humour does not appear very ſtriking; and, though it has found admirers, the author him-

ſelf refuſed it a place in his own edition of his poems.

The year 1753 was memorable to Mr Gray, by the loſs of his mother, whom he loved with an examplary affection. In the 1756, ſome young men, who lived in the ſame ſtair-caſe, and who fancied that birth and fortune gave them a title to be impertinent, diſturbing him frequently and intentionally with their inſults and riots, he found it neceſſary to remove from Peter-houſe, and went to Pembroke-hall. In the 1768, by the unſolicited influence of the Duke of Grafton, he was nominated King's Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory in the Univerſity of Cambridge, a place of 400 l. a-year.

It appears, that in the early part of his life, he had entertained the desire of publishing an edition of Strabo; and, among his papers, there were many geographical disquisitions, which had been made with that intention. He also left many explanatory and critical observations on the writings of Plato; and he had bestowed uncommon labour on the *Anthologia*. A project worthy of him, and more interesting than any of these, was, A history of English Poetry, on which he had long meditated, but thought proper to abandon, when he was informed that Mr Warton, of Trinity College, Oxford, was engaged in a similar pursuit.

Among the branches of knowledge

in which he excelled, it would be improper not to mention Architecture; and his ſkill in Heraldry was exact and extenſive. But what was moſt peculiarly to his taſte, and engaged his attention the moſt conſtantly, was Natural Hiſtory. He left many notes on Linnæus, and on Hudſon's *Flora Anglica*; and while employed on Zoology, he ſtudied Ariſtotle on that ſubject, and explained many of the obſcure paſſages of that diſtinguiſhed Antient. Muſic he knew moſt exquiſitely; and, while abroad, he had acquired a ſkill in Painting. In a word, if Mathematics are excepted, there was not a part of human learning which he had not cultivated with ſucceſs.

A

A propenſity to melancholy, the conſtant attendant of genius, was obſervable in Mr Gray, from his earlieſt years; and a hereditary gout ſerved to encourage it. About the end of May 1771, he made a viſit to London; but being oppreſſed with feveriſhneſs, and dejection of mind, he was adviſed to leave his lodgings in Jermyn ſtreet for Kenſington; where a freer air ſo far operated to his recovery, as to enable him to return to Cambridge. On the 24th of July, however, a ſudden ſickneſs, while at dinner, made him retire to his chamber, from the College hall. His malady, which was found to be the gout in his ſtomach, continued to increaſe, and baffled all the art of medicine. On the 29th a ſtrong convulſion-

convulsion-fit seized him; it returned with additional violence on the 30th; and the evening after, this ingenious poet, and cultivated scholar, ceased to adorn England and human nature.

ODE

ON THE

SPRING.

Published 1st August 1776. Page Sculp.

And with a Masters Hand, and Prophets Fire,
Struck the deep Sorrows of his Lyre.

Pa. 68.

BRITISH
6 AP 81
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O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train, appears,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,

ODE

ON THE

SPRING.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,

The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſp'ring pleaſure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader brownet ſhade;
Where-e'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade *;
Beſide ſome water's rushy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think,
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate),
How vain the ardour of the croud,
How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great!

* ——————— a bank
O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine.
Shakeſp. Midſ. Night's Dream.

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repoſe;
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon *:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the ſun †.

* Nare per æſtatem liquidam —
Virgil. Georg. lib. 4.

† ——— ſporting with quick glance,
Shew to the ſun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.
Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, book 7.

To Contemplation's ſober eye *
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the buſy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours dreſt:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in duſt to reſt.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The ſportive kind reply;
Poor Moraliſt! and what art thou!
A ſolitary fly!

* While inſects from the threſhold preach, &c.
M. GREEN, *in the Grotto.*
Dodſley's Miſcellanies, Vol. 5. p. 161.

Thy

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.

'TWas on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd:
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws;

Her coat, that with the tortoiſe vies;
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes;
She ſaw, and purr'd applauſe,

Still had ſhe gaz'd; but 'midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream:
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapleſs nymph with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

Preſumptuous

Her coat, that with the tortoise vies;
Her cafe of jet, and emerald eyes;
She faw, and purr'd applaufe.

Still had fhe gaz'd; but 'midft the tide
Two angel forms were feen to glide,
The Genii of the ftream:
Their fcaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richeft purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapleſs nymph with wonder faw:
A whifker firſt, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She ſtretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

Preſumptuous

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between:
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd;
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that glifters, gold.

ODE

ODE

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

ODE

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

Ανθρωπος' ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's * holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below

* King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

Of

O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

ETON COLLEGE.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her HENRY's * holy ſhade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanſe below

* King HENRY the Sixth, founder of the College.

Of

Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way.

Ah happy hills! ah pleaſing ſhade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel, the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, * redolent of joy and youth,
To breath a ſecond ſpring.

* And bees their honey redolent of ſpring.
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. Syſtem.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race,
Diſporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace;
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome, on earneſt buſ'neſs bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply,
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry;

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt.
Theirs buxom Health of roſy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.

[illegible] all around 'tre wait
[illegible] of human fate,
[illegible] Misfortune's baleful train!

[illegible] where in ambush stand,
[illegible] their prey, the murderous band!
[illegible] there they are men!

[illegible] the fury passions tear,
[illegible] of the mind,
[illegible] Anger, pallid Fear,
[illegible] that sculks behind;
[illegible] Love shall waste their youth,
[illegible], with rankling tooth,
[illegible] gnaws the secret heart,
[illegible] Levy wan, and faded Care,
[illegible]'d comfortless Despair,
[illegible] Sorrow's piercing dart.

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:

Yet ſee, how all around 'em wait
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!

Ah, ſhow them where in ambuſh ſtand,
To ſeize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that ſculks behind;
Or pining Love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart;

And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs * laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of Years beneath,
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen!

* And Madneſs laughing in his ireful mood.
Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

This

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſuff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why ſhould they know their fate!
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more—where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

ODE

O D E

TO

ADVERSITY.

O D E

TO

D V E R S I T Y.

——— Ἔθεα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδο-
σύντα, τὸ πάθει μαθὰν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnone.

ODE

TO

ADVERSITY.

——— Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὰν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, *in Agamemnone.*

ODE

TO ADVERSITY.

DAughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When

ODE

TO

ADVERSITY.

DAughter of Jove, relentleſs power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy Sire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy;
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe; and with them go
The ſummer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco. Virg.

Wiſdom, in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Juſtice, to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread Goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art ſeen),
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there,
To ſoften, not to wound my heart;
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a man.

THE

THE PROGESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων
Χατίζει. ——

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

When the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

AWake, Æolian lyre, awake *,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:

The

* Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.
David's Pſalms.

Pindar ſtyles his own poetry, with its muſical accompaniments, Αἰολὶς μολπὰ, Αἰολίδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν. Æolian ſong, Æolian ſtrings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The ſubject and ſimile, as uſual with Pindar, are here united. The various ſources of poetry, which gives life and luſtre to all it touches, are here deſcribed; as well in its quiet majeſtic progreſs enriching every ſubject (otherwiſe dry and

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rowling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

* Oh! Sovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions, hear thy ſoft controul.

and barren) with all the pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers; as in its more rapid and irreſiſtible courſe, when ſwoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous paſſions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent paſſions of the ſoul. The thoughts are borrowed from the firſt Pythian of Pindar.

On

On Pinaon's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
* Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jean, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of sweetest eye
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I.

† Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay:
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day.

* This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

† Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

* Pindar. Pyth. 1. 9.

εὐ-
δει δ' ἀνὰ σκάπτῳ Διὸς αἰετὸς, ὠ-
κέαν πέρυγ' ἀμφοτέρω-
θεν χαλάξαις.
Ἀρχὸς οἰωνῶν· κελαινᾷ-
πιν δ' ἐπί οἱ νεφέλαν
Ἀγκύλῳ κρατὶ, γλεφάρων
Ἀδὺ κλαίστρον, κατέχευας. ὁ δὲ κνώσσων
Τῆρὸν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ, τεαις
Ῥιπαισι κατασχόμενος.

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
* Perching on the ſceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

1. 3.

† Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay:
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The roſy-crowned Loves are ſeen.
On Cytherea's day,

* This is a weak imitation of ſome beautiful lines in the ſame ode.

† Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

With antic Sports, and blue-eye'd Pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To briſk notes, in cadence beating,
* Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare:
Where-e'er ſhe turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
† The bloom of young Deſire, and purple light of Love.

* Μαρμαρυγὰς θνῶτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυκῶ.
HOMER. Od. 9.

† Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι
Παρείῃσι φῶς ἔρωτος.
PHRYNICHUS, *apud Athenæum.*

Lumenque juventæ Purpureum Virg. Aen. 1, 590.

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what ills await;
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her ſpectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky;
† Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glitt'ring ſhafts
of war.

* To compenſate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muſe was given us by the ſame Providence that ſends the day, by its chearful preſence to diſpel the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or ſeen the Morning's well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the eaſtern hills afar. *Cowley.*

II.

* In climes beyond the solar † road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

* Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations; its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs, &c.]

† "Extra anni solisque vias ——" *Virgil.*
"Tutta lontana dal camin del sole."
Petrarch, Canzon 2.

II.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In ling'ring labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echos languish
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:

* Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surry and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them; but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

Till

Till the ſad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnaſſus for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, oh Albion! next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling * laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;

* Shakeſpeare.

Of

Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he *, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of Ecſtaſy,
The ſecrets of th' abyſs to ſpy.
† He paſs'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
‡ The living throne, the ſapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He ſaw; but, blaſted with exceſs of light,
‖ Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night.

* Milton.

† "—— flammantia mœnia mundi." *Lucretius.*

‡ For the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels.—— And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeneſs of a throne, as the appearance of a ſapphire ſtone. ——This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.

Ezekiel i. 20. 26. 28.

‖ Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε δίδου δ' ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδήν. Hom. Od.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
* Two courſers of ethereal race,
† With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-re-
sounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
‡ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
‖ But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh!

* Meant to expreſs the ſtately march and ſounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

† Haſt thou clothed his neck with thunder? *Job.*

‡ Words that weep, and tears that ſpeak. *Cowley.*

‖ We have had in our language no other odes of the ſublime kind, than that of Dryden on St Cecilia's day: for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgement, ſtyle, and harmony,

Oh! Lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
*That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muſe's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far — but far above the Great.

harmony, for ſuch a taſk. That of Pope is not worthy of ſo great a man. Mr Maſon indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a maſterly hand, in ſome of his choruſes, — above all in the laſt of Caractacus:

Hark! heard ye not yon footſtep dread? &c.

* Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θοὸν. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himſelf to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it purſues its flight, regardleſs of their noiſe.

PINDARIC ODE

THE

BARD.

A

PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the Firſt, when he completed the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

THE

BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

'RUin ſeize thee, ruthleſs King!
'Confuſion on thy banners wait;
'Tho' fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
'*They mock the air with idle ſtate!

* Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread.
Shakeſpeare's King John,

'Helm,

'Helm, nor * Hauberk's twiſted mail,
'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail
'To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the ſounds that o'er the † creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
As down the ſteep of ‡ Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array.

* The Hauberk was a texture of ſteel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that ſat cloſe to the body, and adapted itſelf to every motion.

† The creſted adder's pride. *Dryden's Indian Queen.*

‡ *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welſh themſelves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, as far eaſt as the river Conway. R. Hygden, ſpeaking of the caſtle of Conway, built there by King Edward the Firſt, ſays, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis "Erery;" and Matthew of Weſtminſter, (ad ann. 1283), "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi "caſtrum forte."

Stout Glo'ſter * ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance!
To arms! cried Mortimer †, and couch'd his
quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(‡ Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
‖ Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);

* Gilbert de Clare, ſurnamed the Red, Earl of Glouceſter and Hertford, ſon-in-law to King Edward.

† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.
They both were *Lords Marchers*, whoſe lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

‡ The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, repreſenting the Supreme Being in the viſion of Ezekiel. There are two of theſe paintings, both believed original, one at Florence, the other at Paris.

‖ Shone, like a meteor, ſtreaming to the wind.
Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

And

And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head,

On

'* On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;
'The famiſh'd eagle † ſcreams, and paſſes by.
'Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear ‡, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries—

* The ſhores of Caernarvonſhire oppoſite to the iſle of Angleſey.

† Camden and others obſerve, that eagles uſed annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as ſome think) were named by the Welch *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the higheſt point of Snowdon is called *the Eagle's Neſt*. That bird is certainly no ſtranger to this iſland, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Weſtmorland, &c. can teſtify: it even has built its neſt in the Peak of Derbyſhire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. publiſhed by Ray.]

‡ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart—

Shakeſp. Jul. Cæſar.

'No more I weep. They do not sleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
'I see them sit: they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave * with bloody hands the tissue of
'thy line.'

II.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright

* See the Norwegian ode that follows.

"The

" The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that
ring;
" Shrieks of an agonizing King *!
" She-wolf of France †, with unrelenting fangs,
" That tear'ſt the bowels of thy mangled mate,
" From thee ‡ be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The ſcourge of Heav'n. What terrors round
him wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

LXI.

* Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-caſtle.

† Iſabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.

‡ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

II. 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
"Low on his fun'ral couch he lies *!
"No pitying heart, no eye, afford
"A tear to grace his obsequies.
"Is the sable warrior † fled?
"Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
"The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
"Gone to salute the rising Morn.
"Fair laughs the Morn ‡, and soft the Zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

* Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

† Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

‡ Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

"Regardless

Atque ita nave levi nitens, ac lenibus auris, etc
Catullus Ca. LXI.

"Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway,
"That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his ev'ning prey.

II. 3.

"Fill * high the ſparkling bowl,
"The rich repaſt prepare,
"Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
"Cloſe by the regal chair
"Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
"A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
"Heard ye the din of battle bray †,
"Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe?
"Long years of havock urge their deſtin'd courſe,
"And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.

* Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbiſhop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifeſto, by Thomas of Walſingham, and all the older writers, was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaſter.

"Ye

" Ye tow'rs of Julius *, London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his conſort's † faith, his father's ‡ fame,
" And ſpare the meek uſurper's holy || head.
" Above, below, the roſe of ſnow **,
" Twin'd with her blushing foe we ſpread;
" The bristled boar ††, in infant gore,
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.

* Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered ſecretly in the Tower of London. The oldeſt part of that ſtructure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæſar.

† Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic ſpirit, who ſtruggled hard to ſave her huſband and her crown.

‡ Henry the Fifth.

|| Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown.

** The white and red roſes, devices of York and Lancaſter.

†† The ſilver boar was the badge of Richard the Third, whence he was uſually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

" Now

"Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
"Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
"doom.

III.

"Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
"(Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun.)
"* Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
"(The web is wove. The work is done.)"

'Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
'Leave me unbleſs'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
'In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
'They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.

* Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

'But

'But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
'Deſcending ſlow their glitt'ring ſkirts unroll?
'Viſions of glory! ſpare my aching ſight,
'Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul!
'No more our long-loſt Arthur * we bewail.
'All-hail, ye genuine Kings †, Britannia's iſſue, hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold
'Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
'And gorgeous Dames, and Stateſmen old
'In bearded majeſty, appear.

* It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairy-land, and ſhould return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Taliefin had prophefied, that the Welch ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the houſe of Tudor.

'In the midſt a form divine!
'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
'Her lion-port *, her awe-commanding face,
'Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
'What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air!
'What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!
'Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin †, hear;
'They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.
'Bright Rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
'Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Eliſabeth to Paul Dzialinſki, ambaſſador of Poland, ſays, 'And thus ſhe, 'lion-like riſing, daunted the malapert orator no leſs with 'her ſtately port and majeſtical deporture, than with the 'tartneſſe of her princelie checkes.'

† Talieſſin, chief of the Bards, flouriſhed in the ſixth century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

III. 3.

'The verſe adorn again
'* Fierce War, and faithful Love,
'And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt.
'In † buſkin'd meaſures move
'Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
'With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
'A ‡ voice, as of the cherub-choir,
'Gales from blooming Eden bear;
'‖ And diſtant warblings lenten on my ear,
'That loſt in long futurity expire.

* Fierce wars and faithful loves ſhall moralize my ſong.
Spenſer's Proëm to the Fairy Queen.

† Shakeſpeare.

‡ Milton.

‖ The ſucceſſion of Poets after Milton's time.

'Fond

'Fond impious man, think'ſt thou yon ſanguine cloud,
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
'Enough for me: with joy I ſee
'The different doom our fates aſſign.
'Be thine Deſpair, and ſceptred Care;
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He ſpoke, and headlong, from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs night.

ODE

FOR

MUSIC.

ODE

FOR

MUSIC.

O D E *

FOR

M U S I C.

FOR

I R R E G U L A R.

HEnce, avaunt, ('tis holy ground),
" Comus and his midnight crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue;

* This Ode was performed in the Senate-house at Cambridge, July 1. 1769, at the installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

" Mad

O D E*

FOR

M U S I C.

IRREGULAR.

I.

" HEnce, avaunt, ('tis holy ground),
" Comus and his midnight crew,
" And Ignorance with looks profound,
" And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue;

* This Ode was performed in the Senate-house at Cambridge, July 1. 1769, at the installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

" Mad

" Mad Sedition's cry profane;
" Servitude that hugs her chain:
" Nor in these consecrated bow'rs
" Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in
" flow'rs,
" Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
" Dare the Muse's walk to stain;
" While bright-ey'd Science watches round:
" Hence away, 'tis holy ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day,
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There sit the sainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine
Thro' ev'ry unborn age and undiscover'd clime,
Rapt in celestial transport they;

Yet hither oft a glance from high
They ſend of tender ſympathy,
To bleſs the place, where, on their op'ning ſoul,
First the genuine ardour ſtole.
'Twas Milton ſtruck the deep-ton'd ſhell,
And, as the choral warblings round him ſwell,
Meek Newton's ſelf bends from his ſtate ſublime,
And nods his hoary head, and liſtens to the rhyme.

III.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
"That Contemplation loves,
"Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
"Oft at the bluſh of dawn
"I trode your level lawn;
"Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia ſilver-bright

" In cloiſters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
" With Freedom by my ſide, and ſoft-ey'd Melancholy."

IV.

But hark! the portals ſound, and pacing forth,
With ſolemn ſteps and ſlow,
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
And mitred Fathers in long order go:
Great Edward *, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And ſad Chatillon †, on her bridal morn

* Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

† Mary de Valentia, Counteſs of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Compte de St Paul in France; of whom tradition ſays, that her huſband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was ſlain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the founderſs of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

That

That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare *,
And Anjou's heroine †, and the paler Rose ‡,
The rival of her crown, and of her woes;
And either Henry ‖ there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome:
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb):

* Elisabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of 'princely.' She founded Clare Hall.

† Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Fifth, founderess of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in the former Ode; V. Epode 2. l. 13.

‡ Elisabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler Rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

‖ Henry the Sixth and Eighth; the former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich ſtreams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade theſe awful fanes and turrets riſe,
To hail their Fitzroy's feſtal morning, come!
And thus they ſpeak, in ſoft accord,
The liquid language of the ſkies.

V.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
"Heavier toil, ſuperior pain.
"What the bright reward we gain?
"The grateful memory of the good.
"Sweet is the breath of vernal ſhower,
"The bee's collected treaſures ſweet,
"Sweet muſic's melting fall, but ſweeter yet
"The ſtill ſmall voice of Gratitude."

VI.

Foremoſt, and leaning from her golden cloud,
The venerable Margaret * ſee!
"Welcome, my noble ſon, (ſhe cries aloud),
"To this, thy kindred train, and me:
"Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
"A Tudor's † fire, a Beaufort's grace.
"Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
"The flower unbeeded ſhall deſcry,
"And bid it round Heaven's altars ſhed
"The fragrance of its blushing head:
"Shall raiſe from earth the latent gem,
"To glitter on the diadem.

* Counteſs of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry the Seventh; foundreſs of St John's and Chriſt's Colleges.

† The Counteſs was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims deſcent from both theſe families.

VII.

VII.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
" Not obvious, not obtruſive, ſhe
" No vulgar praiſe, no venal incenſe flings;
" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
" She reveres herſelf and thee.——
" With modeſt pride to grace thy youthful brow,
" The laureat wreath, that Cecil * wore, ſhe brings,
" And, to thy juſt, thy gentle hand,
" Submits the faſces of her ſway,
" While ſpirits bleſt above, and men below,
" Join with glad voice the loud ſymphonious lay.

* Lord Treaſurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the Univerſity in the reign of Queen Eliſabeth.

VIII.

VIII.

" Thro' the wild waves as they roar,
" With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
" Thy steady course of honour keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
" The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
" And gilds the horrors of the deep."

THE

FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE,

(From the NORSE TONGUE).

To be found in the ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS; HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio;
and also in BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORÐIT FYRIR VALFAÐIR, &c.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving *A History of English Poetry:* In the introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were our progenitors: the following three imitations made a part of them. He afterward dropped his design; especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

PREFACE.

IN the eleventh century *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips, and a conſiderable body of troops, into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of *Sigtryg with the ſilken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sigtryg* was in danger of a total defeat: but the enemy had a greater loſs, by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day, (the day of the battle), a native of *Caithneſs* in Scotland ſaw, at a diſtance, a number of perſons, on horſeback, riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming

to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them; till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and, each taking her portion, galloped six to the north, and as many to the south.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

NOW the ſtorm begins to lower,
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare),
* Iron ſleet of arrowy ſhower
† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Note—The *Valkyriur* were female divinities, ſervants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies *Chuſers of the ſlain*. They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to *Valhalla*, (the hall of *Odin*, or paradiſe of the brave), where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhower— *Mil. Par. Regained.*

† The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air. *Shakeſ. Jul. Cæſar.*

Glitt'ring

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and *Randver's* bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made),
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and *Hilda*, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimſon web of war),
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' enſanguin'd field,
Gondula, and *Geira*, ſpread
O'er the youthful King your ſhield.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war).

They,

They, whom once the deſert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin * weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death.
Siſters, ceaſe: The work is done.

* Ireland.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing;
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence with ſpurs of ſpeed!
Each her thund'ring faulchion wield;
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

* Ireland.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE,

(From the NORSE TONGUE),

To be found in BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis; HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

UProſe the King of men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtrait his coal-black ſteed:
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to HELA's * drear abode.

* *Niflheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, conſiſted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all ſuch as died of ſickneſs, old-age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it preſided HELA, the Goddeſs of Death.

Him

Him the dog of Darkneſs ſpied;
His ſhaggy throat he opened wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diſtill'd.
Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
The father of the powerful ſpell.
Onward ſtill his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes),
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of hell ariſe.

Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſs-grown pile he ſat,
Where long of yore to ſleep was laid
The duſt of the prophetic Maid.

Facing

Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronoun'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verſe that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a ſullen ſound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, preſume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled ſprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on theſe mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me ſleep again.
Who is he, with voice unbleſt,
That calls me from the bed of reſt?

ODIN.

ODIN.

A Traveller to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's ſon.
Thou the deeds of light ſhalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is ſpread,
Dreſt for whom yon golden bed.

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet ſee
The pure bev'rage of the bee:
O'er it hangs the ſhield of gold:
'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold.
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Propheteſs, ariſe, and ſay,
What dangers *Odin*'s child await,
Who the author of his fate.

PROPHETESS.

In *Hoder*'s hand the hero's doom;
His brother ſends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Propheteſs, my ſpell obey;
Once again ariſe, and ſay,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom ſhall *Hoder*'s blood be ſpilt.

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the weſt,
By *Odin*'s fierce embrace compreſt,
A wond'rous boy ſhall *Rinda* bear,
Who ne'er ſhall comb his raven hair,
Nor waſh his viſage in the ſtream,
Nor ſee the ſun's departing beam,
Till he on *Hoder*'s corſe ſhall ſmile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Propheteſs, awake, and ſay,
What Virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,

That

That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And ſnowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their ſorrows roſe;
Then I leave thee to repoſe.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightieſt of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding Maid of ſkill divine
Art thou, nor Propheteſs of good,
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,
That never ſhall enquirer come

To break my iron-ſleep again;
Till *Lok* * has burſt his tenfold chain,
Never, till ſubſtantial Night
Has reaſſum'd her ancient right;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches; when he ſhall break his bonds; the human race, the ſtars, and ſun, ſhall diſappear; the earth ſink in the ſeas, and fire conſume the ſkies: even Odin himſelf and his kindred deities ſhall periſh. For a farther explanation of this mythology, ſee "Introduction à l' Hiſtoire de Dannemare par Monſ. Mallet," 1755, Quarto; or rather a tranſlation of it publiſhed in 1770, and intitled, "Northern Antiquities;" in which ſome miſtakes in the original are judiciouſly corrected.

THE

THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT,

FROM

Mr EVANS's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry.

LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

ADVERTISEMENT.

OWEN succeeded his father GRIFFIN in the principality of NORTH WALES, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

OWEN's praiſe demands my ſong,
OWEN ſwift, and OWEN ſtrong;
Faireſt flower of Roderic's ſtem,
Gwyneth's * ſhield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor on all profuſely pours;

* North Wales.

Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side, as proudly riding
On her shadow, long and gay,
Lochlin,* plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son † of Mona stands;

* Denmark.

† The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

In glitt'ring arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby creſt.
There the thund'ring ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood
Backward Meinal rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his maſter's feet around,
Proſtrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and ſhame to fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child;
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;

Agony, that pants for breath;
Deſpair, and honourable Death.

* * * * * * * * *

ODE

ON

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the WELCH.

O D E

ON

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the WELCH *.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage, and wild affright,
Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd,
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

* Of Aneurin, styled the Nestor of his bards. He flourished about the time of Taliesin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the Goddodin.

ODE

ON

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the WELCH *.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage, and wild affright,
Upon Dëira's ſquadrons hurl'd,
To ruſh, and ſweep them from the world!

* Of Aneurim, ſtyled *the Monarch of the bards.* He flouriſhed about the time of Talieſſin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the Gododin.

Too,

Too, too ſecure, in youthful pride
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's ſon; of Madoc old
He aſk'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He aſk'd, and had the lovely maid.

To Catraeth's vale, in glitt'ring row,
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecſtatic juice.
Fluſh'd with mirth and hope, they burn:
But none from Catraeth's vale return,

Save Aëron brave, and Conan ſtrong,
(Burſting thro' the bloody throng),
And I, the meaneſt of them all,
That live to weep, and ſing their fall.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF

MR RICHARD WEST

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. RICHARD WEST.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr RICHARD WEST.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. RICHARD WEST

IN vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their am'rous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A diff'rent object do these eyes require.
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the' imperfect joys expire.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the ſmiling Mornings ſhine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their am'rous deſcant join,
Or chearful fields reſume their green attire.
Theſe ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A diff'rent object do theſe eyes require.
My lonely anguiſh melts no heart but mine;
And in my breaſt th' imperfect joys expire.

Yet Morning ſmiles the buſy race to chear,
And new-born pleaſure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitleſs mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, becauſe I weep in vain.

EPITAPHS.

E-

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPH I.

ON

Mrs. CLARKE*.

O! where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps;
A Heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity were there.

* This Lady, the wife of Dr Clarke Physician at Fo
ton, died April 27. 1757; and is buried in the church o
Beckenham, Kent.

EPITAPH I.

ON

MRS CLARKE*.

LO! where this ſilent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother ſleeps;
A Heart, within whoſe ſacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith ſincere,
And ſoft Humanity were there.

* This Lady, the wife of Dr Clarke Phyſician at Epſom, died April 27. 1757; and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

In agony, in death reſign'd,
She felt the wound ſhe left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits ſmiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he ſtrays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to ſecret ſorrow dear;
A ſigh, an unavailing tear;
'Till Time ſhall ev'ry grief remove,
With Life, with Mem'ry, and with Love.

H

EPI-

EPITAPH II.

ON

SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS*.

HEre, foremoſt in the dangerous paths of Fame,
Young WILLIAMS fought for ENGLAND's fair renown;
His mind each Muſe, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

* This epitaph was written at the requeſt of Mr Frederic Montagu, who intended to have inſcribed it on a monument at Belliſle, at the ſiege of which this accompliſhed youth was killed, 1761; but from ſome difficulty attending the erection of it, this deſign was not executed.

At Aix his voluntary ſword he drew,
There firſt in blood his infant-honour ſeal'd;
From Fortune, Pleaſure, Science, Love, he flew,
And ſcorn'd repoſe when Britain took the field.
With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breaſt,
Victor he ſtood on Belliſle's rocky ſteeps——
Ah! gallant youth! this marble tells the reſt,
Where melancholy Friendſhip bends and weeps.

ELEGY

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

THE Curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs, and to me.

* —— ſquilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore.
Dante. Purgat. I. 8.

Now

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening-care;
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where, thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of Time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Ἔρημας δι' αἰθέρος Pindar.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious Truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes * live their wonted fires.

* Ch' i veggio nel penſier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiuſi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.
Petrarch, Son. 169.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate;

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him, at the peep of dawn,
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next, with dirges due, in ſad array,
'Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
'Approach, and read (for thou canſt read) the lay
'Grav'd on the ſtone, beneath yon aged thorn *.'

* In the firſt edition of this poem, the following beautiful lines were inſerted immediately before the epitaph; but they have been ſince omitted, as the parentheſis was thought too long.

There, ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year,
By hands unſeen, are ſhow'rs of violets found;
The redbreaſt loves to build and warble there,
And little footſteps lightly print the ground.

THE

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a Friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope * repoſe),
The boſom of his Father and his God.

* —— Paventoſa ſpeme. *Petrarch. Son.* 114.

BRITISH MUSEUM 6 AP 81

FINIS.